

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## ACCORDING TO OSLER.

TEDDY is ready right now to begin  
A showin' the trusts how they ought  
to be run;  
It's pretty near time to be swearin' him in,  
But Osler, he says that it mustn't be  
done.  
Says Osler, says he  
"Ted's a dead one, you see.  
When a man gets past forty  
He sure is N. G."

We used to look up to the patriarchs who  
Left behind the great Bo k that we call  
Holy Writ;  
We never supposed if a prophet lived to —  
Be three or four hundred it mattered a  
bit.  
But Osler would say  
"Lay their writin' away;  
We pay no attention  
To gray beards to-day."

As youngsters we learned that we'd ought  
to revere  
Our parents until we was pretty near  
grown.  
But Osler would have us come out with a  
sneer  
An' warn 'em quite fierce to git out of our  
road.  
He says that a lad  
Is worth more than his dad;  
If the ole man's past forty  
He's all to the bad.

The men who made history, so we was  
taught,  
Was ginerly men of some learnin' an'  
worth  
Until we found out from Doc Osler they  
ought,  
'Fore they started their jobs, to git off'n  
the earth  
An' he sez that they would  
Had they jest understood  
We would ever find out  
That they wasn't no good.

We know now ezactly the reason the sun  
Is ashamed to shine out an' be gonial an'  
hot.  
It's heard o' the talkin' that Osler has  
done.  
An covered its face with a million-mile  
spot.  
A hidin' in shame  
Is vidence o' blame.  
For accordin' to Osler  
It's out o' the game.  
—James Montague.

## The Elevation of Maria.

She was blowed up, warn't she?  
Inquired Barton easily, as he tilted  
his hat back and chewed a strand  
of the cemetery grass. It was cool  
and pleasant there in the July  
moonlight, after a very warm day.  
"Yes, blowed up on the down  
train," assented his companion  
moodyly, his eyes resting on Miss  
Maria's tall, white tombstone.  
"The hull car was sent to flind-  
ers with dynamite at Ross Switch.  
Folks said 'twas because the pre-  
sident was on board somewhere, and  
somebody had a spite agin him."

"Hard on that not connected  
with no president," observed his  
friend, throwing a pebble at a slow-  
moving grasshopper which had just  
crawled into the light. Then he  
added reflectively, "I guess I be as  
orthodox as any feller, yit it does  
eternally bother me how folks that  
was siew like that—desecrated into  
fragments—is going to be gathered  
up by the angel at judgment day  
and put together proper."

"Jest what I say. I'd be afraid  
o' gittin' somebody else's laig er  
arm—er wuss. Fr instance, ef I  
hed to stumck the widdar Ma-  
lory's red hair, er Deacon Haddick's  
pop oyes, I'd never forgive Gabriel  
hisself for puttin' me up wrong."

Rutherford moved uncomfortably.  
"It doesn't sound right to talk  
that way," he said reprovingly.  
Then he added mournfully, "She  
didn't have no red hair, nor pop  
eyes, Maria was jest as purty as—"  
words failed him.

"She warn't so much for purty of  
late years. She used to be kinder  
nice looking when you fust courted  
her. Why'd she give you the mit-  
ten?"

Rutherford blushed.  
"She didn't never give me no  
mitten. I didn't never propose.  
Cou'dn't git up the spunk Dick  
Barton, what's that passing through  
them firs?"

"You ain't superstitious, he ye?  
It was nuthin' but imagination, or  
else them consarned Bostwick boys  
aimin' to play some joke on us.  
I'll larrup 'em both, ef they don't  
look out. But no, it wasn't nuth-  
in."

"You always talk so bold,"  
said Rutherford admiringly, fix-  
ing his gentle gray eyes on his  
friend's rotund form and round  
face. "Now ef you hed been  
courtin' Mariar—" he paused ex-  
pressively.

"She'd a' been darnin' my socks  
ten years ago. And you never told  
her you loved her?"

"Not till now." "You ain't goin'  
to none of them me-jums, be ye?"  
"Conarn it—no! But somehow  
I never could feel that Mariar wuz

dead. Why, even this very minute  
seems's if I could natchfully feel her  
presence in the air. It's queer how  
folks live on after they done  
buried—ef you love 'em."

"Nothin' but plum imagination,"  
said the practical Barton. "But  
what's them words on that their  
stun? Seems t' me that it didn't  
have nuthin' but her name on it  
 afore."

Rutherford blushed deeply.  
"That's what I brought yo here to  
see. That's my—my—"

"Your what?"

"Well, you read it an' see ef it  
ain't plain why it's there."  
Roused into genuine interest,  
Barton leane' over the mound,  
squinting his eyes to get the best  
eff-cts from the shining rays. For-  
tunately, all clouds had drifted  
away by this time and he began  
without much difficulty—

"Here lies the person of Miss  
Mariar—I thought you said they  
didn't find nothin' but a piece of her  
dress an' her Sunday bat."

"It's poetry," retorted Rutherford  
in some natural irritation, "and in  
poetry—well you see in poetry—"

"Folks don't have to stick very  
close to the truth in poetry,"  
chuckled Barton, and then resumed.

"Here lies the person of Miss Mariar.  
She earnt the right to go up higher—"

Don't that sound like you in-  
sinnated that it had order be con-  
sidered a privilege to be blowed up?"  
"Will you go on?" demanded the  
exasperated auditor.

"She earnt the right to go up higher—  
She was full of virtues and full of years.  
Of her place in Heaven we have no fears—"

Come now, Rutherford, se ms  
s'if you are sorter over-confident  
about that. The preachers tell us to  
work out our salvation in fear an'  
tremblin'. There ain't no ex-  
ception. So ef we'd ort to have  
fears about salvation, there ain't  
no tellin' where Mariar is now."

"You mean she hed her own way!  
I should admire to see anybody  
who could ha' prevented it! But  
lemme read while the light holds  
out—"

"Of her place in Heaven we have no fears.  
I put this handsome tombstone above her,  
An' carved these lines on it because  
As I always did I still love her."

Ain't there suthin' wrong with the  
way you measure off them last  
lines?"

"How?"

"Oh, I dunno. Unly, experts in  
this kind of business tell you must  
have a rule. I think it's three feet  
to a line."

"Three feet indeed!" said the  
poet angrily. That would mean  
thirty-six nehes to each line, and  
you'd spread your poetry over all  
creation."

"That's a fact," admitted Bar-  
ton reluctantly. "No tombstum  
would hold a pome like that. I  
guess yours is all right. Unly I  
will say that of Maria could look  
down—er up—I guess she wouldn't  
be very well pleased about that  
'full of years' statement. It hits  
too nigh the truth. But why'n't  
you give your pome a name?"

"A title?" Rutherford looked  
fearfully around, then started,  
fancying a football in the coppice  
just behind him, for Maria's tomb  
was near the western edge of the  
cemetery. Then, reassured, he  
said slowly, "I thought maybe  
ye'd infer the title."

"Y—y—yes," stammered the  
embarrassed poet, who, however,  
felt the need of unloading his burst-  
ing soul, its called "The—The Pro-  
posal." "Sufferin' Moses—what?"

"The Proposal," said Rutherford  
slowly and firmly. "You see,  
I never could seem to speak it out  
while she lived. But now—now  
she's dead an' gone, I thought  
maybe—well, that maybe some of  
them angels up there would—well  
—would repeat it to her."

For an instant Barton stared  
blankly at his friend. Then he  
gave way to a wild peal of laughter,  
rolling over and over on the grass  
in inextinguishable mirth, while  
Rutherford, hurt and bewildered,  
was powerless to check him.

But an angular, resolute figure,  
with snapping black eyes, stare,  
rather than glided, out of the cop-  
pice, and a shrill feminine voice  
said bittlingly:

"Cracklin' of thorns under a pot  
is a good description of you, Dick  
Barton."

Both men sprang to their feet, as

thought touched by an electric  
current. Barton's mirth froze in  
his lungs. His dropped jaw re-  
mained pendent. The newcomer  
nodded in satisfaction.

"I guessed ye'd quit that cack-  
lin'. Oh, I ain't no ghost, git no  
imagination. A woman's dress an'  
a woman's best hat ain't no reel  
proof she was blowed up. Gabriel  
won't hev to do no collection' on  
my account. I wuz stunned, that  
was all. When I come to I was off  
my head an' wandered and wander-  
ed. I couldn't even recollect my  
own name. Full memory never  
come back till yisterday. Ye see I  
pulled up in a strange place miles  
away and was nursed in a hospital.  
Not to say that I consider keepin' a  
chart of folks and stickin' thermom-  
eters in their mouths, s'if they was  
a spell of weather, to be good nur-  
sin'." But I got discharged at last,  
after my reclectshun all came back  
which was yisterday. I took the  
train him to day an' when I got  
off, about an hour ago, I concluded  
I'd come through the cemetery—  
that being the nearest way to the  
village. Then I seen you two an'  
heard what you was sayin'—an'  
so—I waited. Folks certainly has  
a right to listen to the discussin' of  
their own obituary," she added  
grimly.

"And you're achshully back!"  
gasped Barton.

"Ain't you got no sensibler re-  
mark to make?" demanded Maria  
seathfully. "But there ain't no  
use expectin' much from a person  
who would criticize Mr. Ruther-  
ford's poetry as you done. I guess  
it's time I'm back! Me with such a  
sight of prop'ty to manage—which  
I s'pose it's all gone to that smart-  
Alec nephew of mine. He'll find  
ther's a few slips 'twixt cup an' lip.  
But to come back to poetry—you  
thought I'd be ashamed of my years,  
Dick Barton. Well, I ain't! I'm  
full-six months older nor you be,  
but I ain't bald nor my teeth ain't  
damaged—like some folks."

Barton rubbed his hand con-  
sciously over an elongated forehead  
and felt with his tongue for the gap  
in his incisors.

"I—I—didn't mean no harm," he  
stammered.

"Mebbe not. Not even when  
you said—" here Miss Maria ad-  
vanced steadily on him while Barton  
fell back in hopeless confusion.  
"Not even when you said—" There  
ain't no tellin' where Mariar is  
now!"

"And the Lord knows I spoke  
the truth!" cried Barton. With  
which remark he turned and fled  
ignominiously, leaving the lovers  
to themselves.

Anger faded from Miss Maria's  
face. Something very like a faint  
blush stole over it. She pointed  
with a sturdy umbrella to "The  
Proposal," gleaming chastely in  
the moon-rays.

"Do you want to take it back?"  
she murmured.

"The tombstum? Oh—the verses.  
Not ef you'll accept of them—and  
me."

Miss Maria dropped the umbrella  
and surrendered herself gracefully  
to her lover's arms. As she looked  
up into his patient face, now shin-  
ing with a radiance which made it  
positively handsome, she whispered,  
"I wish I'd been blowed up ten  
years ago!"—*The Criterion.*

## Cannibalism.

Polack relates an argument with  
a Whangaroa chief on the subject  
of cannibalism. "If I do not eat  
my enemy when I catch him,"  
argued the Maori, "he will not  
show the same self denial when he  
catches me. In short, what in  
nature is there that is alive that  
will not eat readily of its kind?  
There," continued the subtle dig-  
nitary, pointing to a hawk, "the kahu  
will eat other birds, and the larger  
species will devour him." A hog  
passing by closed the argument.  
"Would you eat that pig?" I nod-  
ded significantly in the affirmative.

"Well," continued the apologist  
for cannibalism, "bait him and see  
if he will refuse a piece of yourself."  
—*Auckland News.*

Almost the entire commercial  
wealth of India, with its population  
of 300,000,000, is said to be in the  
hands of less than 90,000 persons.

## The Bridal Wine Cup.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with  
wine!" cried the young and thought-  
less Harry Wood. "Pledge with  
wine!" ran through the brilliant  
crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale.  
The decisive hour had come. She  
pressed her white hands together,  
and the leaves of her bridal wreath  
trembled on her pure brow; her  
breath came quicker, her heart beat  
wilder. From her childhood she  
had been most solemnly opposed to  
the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your  
scruples for this once," said the  
judge in a low tone, going towards  
his daughter, "the company expect  
it; do not so seriously infringe upon  
the rules of etiquette. In your own  
house act as your pleasure; but in  
mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the  
bridal pair. Marion's principles  
were well known. Harry had been  
a convivialist, but of late his  
friends noticed the change in his  
manner, the difference in his  
habits; and to night they watched  
him to see, as they sneeringly said,  
if he was tied down to a woman's  
opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they  
held it with tempting smiles toward  
Marion. She was very pale,  
though more composed, and her  
hand shook not, as smiling back,  
she gracefully accepted the crystal  
temple and raised it to her lips.  
But scarcely had she done so, when  
every hand was arrested by her  
piercing exclamation of, "Oh, how  
terrible!" "What is it?" cried  
one and all, thronging together, for  
she had slowly carried the glass to  
arm's length, and was fixedly re-  
garding it as though it were some  
hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an  
inspired light shone from her dark  
eyes; "wait, and I will tell you. I  
see, she added, slowly pointing one  
jewelled finger at the sparkling  
ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars  
all description; and yet, listen—I  
will paint it for you if I can: It is a  
lovely spot; tall mountains, crown-  
ed with verdure, rise in awful  
sublimity around; a river runs  
through, and bright flowers grow to  
the water's edge. There is a thick,  
warm mist that the sun seeks vain-  
ly to pierce; trees, lofty and beau-  
tiful, wave to the airy motion of  
the birds. But there, a group of In-  
dians gather; they flit to and fro  
with something like sorrow upon  
their dark brows; and in their  
midst lies a manly form, but his  
cheek, how deathly; his eye wild  
with the fitful fire of fever. One  
friend stands beside him, nay, I  
should say kneels, for he is pillow-  
ing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high,  
holy looking brow! Why should  
death mark it, and he so young?  
Look how he throws the damp curls!  
See him clasp his hands! Hear his  
thrilling shrieks for life! Mark  
how he clutches at the form of his  
companion, imploring to be saved.

Oh! hear him calling piteously his  
father's name; see him twine his  
fingers together as he shrieks for  
his sister—his only sister—the twin  
of his soul—weeping for him in his  
distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the  
bridal party shrank back, the un-  
tasted wine trembling in their falter-  
ing grasp, and the judge fell, over-  
powered, upon his seat; "See! his  
arms are lifted to heaven; he prays,  
how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever  
rushes through his veins. The  
friend beside him is weeping; awe-  
stricken, the dark men move  
silently away, and leave the living  
and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely  
parlor, broken only by what seemed  
a smothered sob from some manly  
bosom. The bride stood yet up-  
right, with quivering lip, and tears  
stealing to the outward edge of her  
lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost  
its tension, and the glass, with its  
little troubled red waves, came  
slowly towards the range of her  
vision. She spoke again; every lip  
was mute. Her voice was low,  
faint, yet awfully distinct; she still  
fixed her sorrowful glance upon the  
wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great  
white moon is coming up, and her  
beams lie gently on his forehead.  
He moves not; his eyes are set in  
their sockets; dim are their piercing  
glances; in vain his friend whispers  
the names of father and sister—  
death is there. Death! and no soft  
hand, no gentle voice to bless and  
soothe him. His head sinks back!  
one convulsive shudder! he is  
dead!"

A groan ran through the assem-  
bly. So vivid was her description,  
so unearthly her look, so inspired  
her manner, that what she describ-  
ed seemed actually to have taken  
place then and there. They noticed  
also that the bridegroom hid his  
face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her  
lips quivering faster and faster, and  
voice more and more broken; "and  
there they scoop him a grave; and  
there, without a shroud, they lay  
him down in the damp, reeking  
earth. The only son of a proud  
father, the only idolized brother of  
a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day  
in that distant country, with no  
stone to mark the spot. There he  
lies—my father's son—my twin  
brother! a victim of this deadly  
poison. Father," she exclaimed,  
turning suddenly, while the tears  
rained down her beautiful cheeks,  
"father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was con-  
vulsed with agony. He raised his  
head, but in a smothered voice he  
faltered—"No, no, my child; in  
God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet,  
and letting it suddenly fall to the  
floor it was dashed into a thousand  
pieces. Many a tearful eye watched  
her movements, and instantaneously  
every wineglass was transferred to  
the marble table on which it had  
been prepared. Then, as she look-  
ed at the fragments of crystal she  
turned to the company, saying:

"Let no friend, hereafter, who loves  
me, tempt me to peril my soul for  
wine. Not firmer the everlasting  
bills than my resolve, God helping  
me, never to touch or taste that  
terrible poison. And he to whom  
I have given my hand; who watched  
over my brother's dying form in  
that last solemn hour, and buried  
the dear wanderer there by the  
river in that land of gold, will, I  
trust, sustain me in that resolve.  
Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet  
smile, was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when  
an hour later he returned, and with  
a more subdued manner took part  
in the entertainment of the bridal  
guests, no one could fail to read that  
he, too, had determined to dash the  
enemy at once and forever from his  
princely rooms.

All who were present at that wed-  
ding can never forget the impres-  
sion so solemnly made. Many from  
that hour forswore the social glass.

## Devil's Tongue.

This curious plant belongs to one  
of the most remarkable groups in  
the vegetable kingdom.

Its native home is Cochin, China.  
The flower has an extraordinary  
appearance.

It resembles the Calla Lily; the  
spathe is of a purplish brown color,  
and the spadix, which is thick and  
fleshy and about fifteen inches long,  
is of a darker color even than the  
spathe; it is broadly campanulate,  
and beautifully undulated at the  
margin. Like other members of the  
singular tribe to which it be-  
longs, it has a strong and disagree-  
able odor.

It is one of the carrion plants  
which attracts insects in the manner  
of the Goose flower, and other plants  
of that nature. The purpose of at-  
tracting the insects is to bring them  
in contact with the pollen, carry it  
to other plants, and thus secure  
fertilization. It remains in flower  
from three to four days. The foli-  
age is indeed handsome with its  
curious snake-like stem and large  
umbrella like foliage. It grows  
from two feet to three feet in height.

The root is tuberous, spherical,  
and is said to weigh sometimes as  
much as six or eight pounds. It is  
used as a food after careful cook-  
ing to eliminate the poisonous prop-  
erties.

In the United States this remark-  
able Aroid is found among all large  
collections of plants.

FRED MUELLER,  
Missouri Botanical Garden.

The average depth of the sand in  
the deserts of Africa is from 30 to 40  
feet.

## WEDDING BELLS!

MISS MARGARET L. PUGH, OF FAIR-  
PORT, AND RAY L. ELLIS, OF CORT-  
LAND, N. Y., ARE JOINED IN WED-  
LOCK.

Miss Margaret Louise Pugh, of  
Fairport, was united in marriage to  
Ray Lincoln Ellis, of Cortland, at  
3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon,  
in the chapel of the Western New  
York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.  
The bride had been for nine years  
a teacher in the kindergarten of the  
institution. She is the daughter of  
Mrs. Mary E. Pugh, of Fairport.

All appointments of the wedding  
were appropriate to the holiday.  
The rostrum was adorned with a  
canopy of red, white either side of  
the rostrum, blue within forming  
the background. Before this  
plains and Boston ferns were ar-  
ranged. The draperies, all of red,  
white and blue, were caught here  
and there with clusters of tiny flags.  
The electric lights were all encased  
in shades of white stars on a blue  
field. The pupils of the school  
stood on either side of the rostrum,  
within inclosers of the national  
colors, the girls on one side, the  
boys on the other. The girls' hairs  
ribbons were some red, some white  
and others blue. These colors were  
also seen in the toilets of some of  
the women guests.

The path of the bridal party was  
outlined by red, white and blue rib-  
bons borne by little girls clad in  
white dresses and red ribbons, and  
little boys, wearing red ties and  
white carnations. The children  
were Eleanor Atwater, of Lockport;  
Sophia Mashosky, of Syracuse;  
Georgina Smith, Walter Schwagler,  
Harry Benwitz and Walter Clemen,  
all of Buffalo; Carroll Merklinger  
and Frances Greif, both of Roches-  
ter.

First to enter were Professor  
Zenas F. Westervelt, superinten-  
dent of the institute, and Rev. E. P.  
Hart, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal  
Church, who was to hear the mar-  
riage vows. The bride wore a skirt  
of brown velvet and a waist of green  
colored silk. Professor Westervelt  
interpreted the service as Mr. Hart  
read it, in the language of the deaf.

Following the ceremony Professor  
and Mrs. Westervelt gave a recep-  
tion for the bride and groom in their  
apartments. Here, as in the chapel,  
the Stars and Stripes were display-  
ed. Pink carnations adorned the  
dining table, where Miss Rosa Hal-  
pin and Mrs. J. C. Lung presided.  
Other hostesses were Miss F. Wood,  
matron of the institute, and Miss  
H. McNall, librarian, close friends  
of the bride. Assisting them were  
Miss Ivalo Smith, Miss Carris Ode,  
Miss Ethel Covey and Miss Marg-  
aret Roach, pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis departed at  
5 o'clock for their future home in  
Cortland. The bride was graduat-  
ed from the institute in 1896.  
From about that time until two  
months ago she taught language in  
the kindergarten. It was her de-  
sire to be married in the institution,  
that she might have all her former  
pupils at the wedding. No better  
evidence of the regard in which  
they held her could be given than  
the manner in which the children  
greeted her at the close of the  
marriage service. The smaller ones  
wholly regardless of formality, ran  
to the rostrum.

Among the guests from out of the  
city were Mrs. Nora Wilson, of  
Arcade; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller  
and daughter; Mr. and Mr. Amos  
Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Torrey,  
George Torrey, and Mr. and Mrs.  
Whyland, all of Avon; William  
Root, Albion; Miss Emma Keyes,  
Rush; Miss Florence Thayer, Corfu;  
Miss Ella Humphrey, Corning; Mr.  
and Mrs. Frank Riddell, Addison;  
Miss Bertha Flynn, Newark; Bart  
Bromwich, Dunkull, Me; Charles  
Kemp, Auburn; Lincoln Thompson,  
Oakland; Willis Denson, Corning;  
Albert Kowski, Sodus Point, and  
Myrtle Manning, Brighton, and  
Lyman Jordan, Batavia.

Rochester guests included all  
teachers and officers of the institute,  
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sutherland,  
Miss Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Ed-  
mund Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Fitz  
Simons, J. B. Merritt, George Swan,  
John Francis, Mrs. H. A. Marsh,  
Miss Polly, Miss Lake, Miss Taber,  
Rev. E. P. Hart and sister, Mr.  
and Mrs. Timmerman, Mr. and  
Mrs. Colgan, Mr. and Mrs. Boren-

stein, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis,  
Mr. and Mrs. Eastman and Miss  
Olga Crane.—*Rochester Democrat,*  
Feb. 23.

## CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF MARCH 13th.

"Vivan's Pappas," a musical farce,  
in which Elizabeth Tyree scored a  
success in a recent starting tour will  
be produced by the stock company  
at Proctor's 5th Avenue Theatre  
during the week of March 13th. Mr.  
Proctor has secured for the title  
role Miss Esther Tittell, a member  
of the original cast. Miss Tittell  
succeeded Miss Tyree and had a  
wonderful success during the com-  
pany's road tour. Thomas H.  
Burns, who was also in the original  
production at the Madison Square  
Theatre, has been especially en-  
gaged for the revival. Edwin Arden,  
leading man of the Fifth Avenue  
Stock Company, will appear in the  
role created by the popular com-  
edian John U. Rice. The vaude-  
ville bill at Proctor's 5th Avenue  
Theatre during the week of March  
13th will be headed by Gus Williams  
"Our German Senator," in a bud-  
get of songs and nonsense. The  
motion pictures graphically illus-  
trate the recent record breaking  
automobile races at Ormond Beach,  
Florida, in which Frank Croker  
was killed and Newton Stanley  
was severely injured. Interesting  
views of the Inauguration will also  
be shown.

A striking second edition of the  
"Silver King," a play popular with  
two generations of theatre goers,  
will be produced at Proctor's 125th  
Street Theatre during the week of  
March 13th. William J. Kelly,  
leading man of the stock company  
and Beatrice Morgan, leading wo-  
man, will portray the principal  
roles. Others in the cast and in-  
cluded in the stock company will be  
Marie Denver, James E. Wilson,  
George Howell, Mary Ryan and  
Mathilde Deshon. Careful atten-  
tion has been given to the details of  
costume cast and scenery. Gus  
Williams, "Our German Senator,"  
with an amusing novelty act in-  
cluding songs and monologue, will  
appear at Proctor's 125th Street  
Theatre during the week of March  
13th, concurrently with his appear-  
ance at Proctor's 5th Avenue Thea-  
tre. Bailey & Fletcher, the motion  
pictures, with new and interesting  
views—including special pictures  
illustrative of the old nursery tale  
of "Op O My Thumb"—will complete  
the vaudeville bill.

During the week of March 13th  
the stock company at Proctor's  
58th Street Theatre will revive  
"The Wife," by H. C. DeMille and  
David Belasco, a famous comedy  
which was a success when pre-  
sented at the Lyceum Theatre. Elmer  
Tenley, monologist, and Reeves  
and Young comedians, will head the  
vaudeville bill. "Seeing New  
York," a remarkable series of photo-  
graphs taken from a moving yacht  
and a moving automobile, will be  
shown in the motion pictures.

Henry Miller's first appearance  
in vaudeville, a matter of great  
moment in theatrical circles will be  
made at Proctor's 23d Street Thea-  
tre on the 13th of March in a play-  
let entitled, "Frederic Lemaître"  
by Clyde Fitch. The playlet, which  
offers a most admirable medium for  
Mr. Miller's remarkable talent, is  
based upon a series of most drama-  
tic incidents in the life of the  
famous French actor, M. Frederic  
Lemaître. The scene of the action  
is in Paris and the Parisian atmo-  
sphere will be maintained through-  
out. "Pierre," Mr. Miller's valet,  
will be played by Frank Willard.  
"Madeleine Fleury" will be por-  
trayed by Miss Laura Hope Crews,  
an old favorite with the patrons of  
the 23d Street House. The mo-  
tion pictures at Proctor's 23d Street  
Theatre for the week of March 13th  
were taken in Washington especial-  
ly for the Proctor Houses, and will  
furnish a graphic portrayal of the  
history-making happening.

The great Halifax dockyard, es-  
tablished 150 years ago, is to be  
abandoned by the British Admi-  
rality, its maintenance being no  
longer deemed necessary in the new  
scheme of imperial defense.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1601 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00  
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## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

EDITOR HECKER of the *Silent Hoosier* says that the sign-language is doomed. He argues that it is degenerating, because it is no longer taught at Institutions for the education of the deaf. He says:

"One of the results is a degeneracy of the language itself. It is losing in many ways—in its beauty, its force, its scope, and its clearness. To those who know the wonderful effectiveness of the sign-language, and know further that its use among the deaf will continue for many, many years to come, this loss is deeply deplored. And yet it is not to be prevented unless a return is made to the old system of teaching signs as well as by signs. We doubt if this will ever be done, and therefore the sign-language is doomed. It will survive as a means of conveying thought by gesture, but as a perfect ideographic language it is rapidly passing."

Perhaps Mr. Hecker is right. We seldom see a teacher nowadays with independence enough, or nerve enough, to take a "flat-footed" stand in favor of the sign-language. It is quite true that, almost without exception, the well-educated deaf uphold the virtues and efficiency of signs. This includes deaf teachers of the deaf. But, usually, when the matter is brought into discussion, the half-hearted and apologetic way in which the sign supporters discourse, gives the impression that they are walking on thin ice and afraid of falling into the swirling vortex created by the enthusiastic and outspoken pure-oralsists.

So far as this writer knows, the only objection to signs is that they are said to prevent the learner from obtaining a grammatical use of the English language. Do they? It would be interesting to investigate the result of the anti-signs wave that has enveloped the country during the past twenty years. Has the result of the almost universal ban upon the sign language justified the anticipations of the individuals who were responsible for it? Do the deaf young men and women of today use the English language with greater facility than those of a quarter of a century ago? And, if so, is it because they did not use signs constantly; or, because the added years have improved the educational advantages everywhere? Mr. Davidson, of Philadelphia, one of the editors of the *Association Review*, claims that the standard of education has retrograded. He is an advocate of oral teaching. He is a deaf man, and is a keen observer of things educational. He lays the blame upon the quality of the teaching staff, who are, he says, often "Misses in their teens," who know little or nothing of pedagogy or of the peculiarities of deaf children. He says that oral teachers are "manufactured while you wait."

When anything goes wrong with the education of a deaf boy or girl, it is the custom to blame the sign-language; but it is now in order to consider whether or not "the shoe is on the other foot."

Give the sign-language a fair show, and it will help all and be a hindrance to no one. To the adult deaf, the sign language is a never-ending source of happiness; a vast treasure house which is constantly distributing good, common-sense

information; a disseminator and inspirer of ideas; a conservator of moral strength, and a vehicle through which the deaf are encouraged to good-citizenship and Christian rectitude.

## Convention of Instructors of the Deaf.

We have just received official information of the date of the meeting of the American Convention of Instructors of the Deaf, which will take place at the North Carolina School for the Deaf and Dumb, July 8th. This School will be ready to receive the Convention, and we give a most cordial invitation to every teacher of the Deaf to be present. We are ready to do anything to make the Convention a success, and we will most gladly receive suggestions from members of the Convention and endeavor to carry them out, for the pleasure and success of our distinguished guests.

We are now arranging with the Passenger Associations for the most favorable rates, and we will announce from time to time, through the *Deaf Carolinian*, and by circular letter to the various Superintendents and Principals. About April 1st, we hope to issue a little booklet, giving some points of interest about the Mountains of Western North Carolina and places of interest, and how to reach them.

E. McK. GOODWIN, Supt.  
Feb. 25, 1905.

## Teachers at Morganton.

## NOTICE.

Mr. A. L. Pach, who had the pleasure of photographing the Teachers and Principals at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Chautauqua, Flint, Buffalo and Columbus, asks publicity for the following letter, which Supt. Goodwin of the Morganton School acquiesces in and endorses:

GALLAUDET COLLEGE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23, 1905.

MR. A. L. PACH:—  
Dear Sir:—Yours of the 20th is received, enclosing a letter from Mr. Goodwin, which I return herewith.

I think I can take the responsibility of saying that you may be the official photographer of the Convention which is to meet at Morganton July 8th.

Yours very truly,  
E. M. GALLAUDET.

## A Correction.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—  
I beg to say that the article taken from the *Presbyterian Messenger* and printed in last week's JOURNAL, should be credited to the *Presbyterian Messenger*, and not to Dr. Johnston, as was done. The paper is edited exclusively by the officers of the Society of Deaf Members. Dr. Johnston writes only what appears under his own name. We would be glad to have the benefit of his scholarly accomplishments, and the *Messenger* would undoubtedly be better paper were able to give the time to it.

Yours very truly,  
WILLIAM H. ROSE.

## Burglar Shot.

BEGGED WHILE IMPERSONATING A DEAF-MUTE.

Giving his name as Joseph Greeley, and his residence Yonkers, a man was captured early Monday morning in the act of attempting to rob the post office at Orange, N. J. The man was placed in a cell after a battle with policeman Patrick McDonough, who was wounded in the arm by a bullet fired by the burglar. The policeman finally beat the man into submission and he was locked up. He said he was seeking only a place in which to sleep.

The man's pockets contained a knife, some cartridges and a dozen printed cards, which showed that he impersonated a deaf-mute and solicited alms in his leisure moments. Doggerel on the cards read as follows:—

I hope I do not ask too much,  
I only want a living;  
So I will be thankful  
For any amount you give.

There was a line at the bottom of the cards which read:—"Price—Give what you can."

## PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

March 23—Reading, by Mr. Edward P. Clarke.

March 30—Parlor Entertainment. Fun, Mystery, Tid-Bit.

"What is your idea of a quiet life?"

"A deaf-and-dumb couple marrying and going to Philadelphia to live."—*Town Topics*.

## RANDOM RAYS.

Miss Sullivan and the "almighty dollar" made Helen Keller famous, so it seems to me. For with a teacher less sympathetic and talented, Helen might perhaps have attained to only an average degree of intelligence, like the other deaf-blind people we read about. In one sense one may say of Helen and her teacher that they are like the lilies of the field—"they toil not, neither do they spin." Where would Helen and her teacher be to-day if the "filthy lucre" had been lacking with which they were always plentifully supplied? Where is Linnie Hagwood now, the deaf-blind girl about whom so much was written in the *p. f.* some years ago? Is her education at a stand-still, because the means to continue it are lacking?

Zeno tells us that in "dissecting the philosophy of the deaf-mute life, we have no license to drag in the words optimism, patience and resignation." This is a rather dictatorial statement. If we can gain any consolation in pondering on those words and another—compensation—and their application to our deafness, why should we not do so? Isn't this a free country? Zeno in his writings often shows us that he holds that opinion.

There are degrees of misery, positive, comparative and superlative. Suppose that we admit that the deaf are miserable (when they are morbid, self-centred and a prey to melancholy thoughts). Now, all you deaf people who read this, can not each one of you think of some person more miserable than you are, and of some other who to you seems one of the "most miserable beings in the whole world."

On Gallaudet Day, at the St. Louis Convention, Mr. W. B. Stevens, Private Secretary to President Francis made a speech to the deaf which I thought very interesting. In the course of his remarks he said that the deaf missed nothing in not hearing many things which could very well be dispensed with. As an illustration he cited the discordant noises on the Pike, the shrieks of the "spiekers," the glibberish of the foreigners, etc. To further illustrate he told this story about himself. One morning, as he was approaching Festival Hall, he noticed a group of people on one of the terraces. One man, apparently the leader of the party, was talking earnestly, pointing first in one direction then in another. Mr. Stevens supposed he was discoursing eloquently on the beauties of his surroundings, and silently drew near, hoping to hear Festival Hall and the Plaza and Cascades described in new and glowing terms. This is what he heard: "If I haint mistaken, we are looking East."

Last Fall, a party of teachers from the Iowa School for the Deaf went to visit the State School for the Feeble-Minded at Glenwood, twenty miles from here. In the party were four deaf people. Circumstances prevented my going, but I later heard some particulars of the trip. It was said that when it was explained to some of the least feeble-minded pupils, that several of the visitors were deaf, they expressed themselves in terms of commiseration for the deaf. Fancy the scene—the feeble-minded pitying the deaf! The deaf people, of course, pitied the feeble-minded. Two of the deaf gentlemen became so weary of the sight of these unfortunates during the afternoon, that they slipped away from the rest of the party, found a secluded nook and indulged in man's solace—a good cigar. Will you permit me to ask, Zeno, if you have ever visited a school for the feeble-minded?

As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth, until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one or seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.—*Emerson, on Compensation.*

"Zeno" wonders why no deaf person has written a well composed book during the last twenty years. I do not think it is because those deaf people with literary talents are "so inoculated with the fatal satisfaction of having surmounted the difficulties of education." Literary success is not easy of attainment, even for the hearing. As

Zeno counts the names of those deaf people who, fifteen or twenty years ago showed uncommon promise, and thinks of what each is doing now, does he not find most of them devoting all their energies to the earning of bread and butter for their families? Few deaf men with literary aspirations who have good positions would care to risk losing them through some careless act, committed while their minds were inattentive to their work and occupied with plots for a novel or story.

In "The Heart of a Man," in the *March Ladies' Home Journal*, the story is told of a man bent on achieving literary success. He himself tells the story. "As my new intention took a firmer and firmer hold upon me, I relaxed my care for my duties as book-keeper, working with slovenly attention and wavering will. One day I made an inexcusable error, which entailed a large loss upon my employer. He had been growing very impatient with me of late and when he knew of what I had done, he at once discharged me." He goes on to tell how he could not get another place as soon as he expected, because the town was small and the particulars of his discharge were known where ever he applied for work. He says of his wife: "Florence practiced numberless petty economies about the house, and when our money was all gone went to her father and borrowed a small sum which tided us over another month. Before long I discovered that she had gone to several of her more intimate friends and solicited work as a seamstress. She seemed to wish to keep her secret, and I let her keep it. As time passed and the little money I had was exhausted, she could not avoid letting me know that she was providing the necessities of our daily life. At last when matters were becoming desperate, I found a chance to do space-work on one of the town papers." He did space work for more than a year, and during all the time his wife took in sewing. In his odd hours he kept on writing stories. He says: "For month after month they were kept going, coming back to me as surely as they went out. But at the year's end there came a letter of acceptance, inclosing a check for a hundred dollars." Success came steadily his way after that, for "following the publication of my first accepted work, I stepped at once into the enjoyment of what the public calls 'a vogue.'"

I have quoted this story to encourage some budding deaf genius of literary talents. It shows what may be accomplished by perseverance and determination, accompanied by the requisite amount of talent. I hope some deaf man or woman will yet arise, and refute Zeno's claim that no deaf person can produce a well-composed book or novel.

MRS. JOHN W. BARRETT.

## REMEMBERED BY DEAF-MUTES.

At the request of the Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, the deaf-mute missionary of this Episcopal diocese, whose residence is in Williamsport Pa., the Rev. Edward Henry Eckel was present with the congregation of deaf-mutes in the Guild house of Christ Church Wednesday evening, to participate in the service and to deliver an address. The Rev. Joseph F. Johns, who took charge of the church on Wednesday, was also present and participated in the service.

The address was interpreted in the sign language to the congregation of twenty or more, and at the close Mr. Eckel was asked to remain in the room, when Mrs. Smielau, the wife of the missionary, read an address, she being able to speak. This was interpreted by Miss Mary A. Gorman. The address set forth the appreciation of the deaf-mute people for the service, and their regret that the Rev. Mr. Eckel was to leave. They then presented him with a dozen sterling silver bread and butter knives of beautiful design.

After the service there was social intercourse, during which they all bid farewell to Mr. Eckel. Friday, March 3d, Mr. Eckel left for St. Joseph, Mo., where he will take charge of Christ Church.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, MARCH 12TH, 1905.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.  
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M. Confirmation.

Litany and Sermon in St. Ann's Church, Friday, March 17th, 8 P.M.

Bible Class in St. Ann's Guild Room, Sunday, March 12th, 2:30 P.M.

Parish Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, March 14th. Open to all.

The average birth-rate for Europe shows that for every 100 girls 106 boys are born.

## WESTERN NEW YORK.

Perry goes "dry" again. Robins have made their appearance here.

C. W. Stowell expects to raise one thousand Plymouth Rock chickens this coming summer.

Mrs. Fred Browning, of Byron Centre, was called home last Tuesday to take care of her sick mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Henry and their pretty child Frank, from Silver Springs, spent Sunday at Perry, on the 26th ult.

The Wyoming Ice Company, at Silver Lake will finish their harvest this week. Among the ice harvesters are Michael J. Leary and Fred Browning.

Mr. George T. Fisher, who has been working for the Worcester Salt Company, in Silver Springs, N. Y., left for West Seneca, N. Y., last Saturday. He gets a better job as core maker, with good pay.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray upon the birth of a son, who adds to the population of Elmira.

Can some readers of the JOURNAL tell us the meaning of the following word, "Supercontransidignishabilitiveness?" This is said to be the longest word in the English language. Is it the longest word?

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Volker, of Buffalo, in the death of their infant daughter, recently. They wish to thank their deaf friends for the kindness shown during their recent bereavement.

A deaf lady in Perry, N. Y., who is working in the knitting mill, says if any experienced girl needs work, she can get a position, and she would enjoy company. The mill employs almost one thousand operatives.

Ohio, according to a recent article in the *Union Signal*, has evolved a new marriage license law which makes it necessary for the prospective bride and groom to appear before the probate court and swear to their answers to a long list of questions bearing on relationship extending back two generations, and to certify to their own moral standing. They must be free from the whiskey or drug habit, and this law especially prohibits the marriage of drunkards. Judge A. D. Miller proposes to enforce this law, and he refuses to issue a license to a man whose appearance indicates that he is addicted to drink. "Old Shoe" thinks it would be for a better heredity.

The recent issue of the *Utica Globe* says: "Deaf persons never grow seaisick, says an old surgeon attached to one of the trans-Atlantic liners. This was discovered when a whole class of deaf-mutes went abroad some years ago, and despite a particularly rough passage none of them wanted to lie on deck and beg somebody to heave them overboard. That's the seasick feeling, you know. A little investigation proved that the stomach nerves are mostly controlled by those of the ear, and that deaf persons are not nearly so liable to the nausea that comes from the rolling motion of a ship as are others."

The experiment of saturating a ball of cotton with cocaine and thus dulling the hearing has been tried by ship surgeons since. It gives relief to those who dread any sort of sea voyage, but, after all, the best way to do is to "feed the fishes" and get over it."

I believe that among them were Editor Hodgson, Dr. Thomas Fox and other deaf delegates, who sailed for Paris to attend the National Convention.

In reply to Madam "MacP." I thank you for your little encouragement. Well! I am too busy with Spring chicks now. When the first opportunity comes, I will try and fill a few columns in the JOURNAL about my ten years' experience in poultry raising, which would undoubtedly interest you and the deaf people. Besides that, I could hardly hunt up the news often, on account of lack of the deaf population in our section.

"OLD SHOE."

## WANTED.

MUTE WANTED, to assist in light housework and help take care baby two years old. Good home and five dollars monthly. 1240 Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn.

The address of Rev. Franklin C. Smielau, is changed to Box 324, Williamsport, Pa.

Owen W. Evans, a pupil at the New York Institution from 1896 to 1899, died recently at Rome, N. Y. He was married to Eunice McCoy, of Oswego, N. Y. After her death he married Rosalie Finch, who is also deaf.

## Korean Wisdom.

A thing is good when it is new.  
A man is good when he is old.  
He who hath eaten salt & inketh water.

One can paint the fur of the tiger, but not his joints.

One knows the face of a man, but not his interior.

If one is not observing, one sees nothing.

Even the blind man can find his way through an open door.

When the tiger is gone the fox is master.

As soon as the moon is full it begins to grow smaller.

## He Knew How.

"What dumb things boys are nowadays!" said Mr. Wigglesworth with infinite scorn as he sat on the veranda after supper.

Over in the vacant lot the boys of the neighborhood were playing a game of baseball. Whenever a boy would fail to hit the ball or some other boys would fail to catch it, Mr. Wigglesworth would give utterance to a snort of derision.

"I suppose they are doing the best they can," Mrs. Wigglesworth found it in her heart to say, with benevolent philosophy.

"Bah!" her husband retorted. "What is the need of a boy's fingers being all thumbs? And if he's going to hit the ball why not hit it and be done with it? 'Twan't that way with me, and the Dodley twins, I can tell ye. D'I ever tell ye 'bout that time me and Alick Dodley—there, you fool!" he cried, "that's the third ball ye've dropped in five minutes."

"That was our Willie," Mrs. Wigglesworth said. "He's doing very well, I think, for a little fellow."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Wigglesworth answered, "ye understand it, don't ye? Quite an authority on sports, ye are! Ye'd make a good referee for a pie eating contest, ye would. First thing ye know the 'Sporting Gazette' will be printing yer portrait on the front page, with an explanation of how ye came to marry Wigglesworth."

With this fine vein of sarcasm working out upon the odoriferous evening air, Mr. Wigglesworth went down the steps and crossed the street.

"What ye trying to act out here anyway?" he called to the boys, who paused in their game.

"We're playing baseball," cried his son Willie, from the infield.

"Baseball nothing!" Mr. Wigglesworth retorted. Let's look at the ball."

Willie threw it to him. Mr. Wigglesworth thrust out his arms with a swift and awkward gesture, grabbed for the ball and got it on the ends of the fingers at once.

"What'd ye do that for?" he yelled, putting one set of fingers into his mouth and the other under his arm. "Don't ye know any better than to fire a thing like that with all yer might for I was ready for it? If ye don't I'll take and learn ye soon!" I get ye home."

"I—I didn't throw it hard; I just tossed it," Willie expostulated, while the other boys grinned.

"Don't ye tell me I'm a liar," shouted Mr. Wigglesworth, noticing the lively countenances of the boys. "I know more about ball playing than the whole sassy pack of ye. Me and the Dodley twins used to stand the whole town when we was boys."

"That was round ball," said the boy with two front teeth missing, who occupied the pitcher's box. He was a boy of bold and lawless manner, who had been known to run away from school.

"Round ball!" answered Mr. Wigglesworth, glancing at the boy with two front teeth missing. "S'pose it was. Didn't we have to catch, and didn't we have to strike? And we did it, too, I tell ye," he said boastfully.

"And we'd throw the ball and hit the runner—patching, we called it—and that was science."

"Didn't it hurt to patch 'em pa?" piped Willie Wigglesworth.

"Poh! What if it did? 's father said. 'Besides, ye could dodge. I was the smartest dodger in the town, next to Alick Dodley. Couldn't anybody patch me scarcely."

"I bet I could," said the boy with two front teeth missing, with a confident air.

Mr. Wigglesworth tried to wither the boy with two front teeth missing by a look, but he wasn't a boy who withered that way. Then the blood of generations of Wigglesworth leaped into daring.

"Gimme that bat stick!" he exclaimed, starting forward.

"He means de bat," exclaimed a boy with cerise hair.

Mr. Wigglesworth stood up by the home plate and sawed the air with the club they gave him.

"Let her come!" he cried, with reckless confidence.

The boy with two front teeth missing tied himself into a bowline knot, juggled the ball, suddenly straightened himself and shot the ball forward. The little white sphere, its eyes flaming, made straight for Mr. Wigglesworth's vest, and then the gentleman gave a scare yell and dodged. Suddenly the ball altered its course and went curving and hissing up under his right shoulder and lodged in the catcher's hands.

"Ye tried to hit me!" Mr. Wigglesworth snarled angrily. He shook his fist at the boy with two front teeth missing, who grinned. The next ball came fair for his bat, you would say, but just as Mr. Wigglesworth raked at it, the ball made a wide detour and his bat smote the air savagely and turned him twice around.

"Why don't ye throw fair?" he growled loudly. "Why don't ye throw one I can hit?" Mr. Wigglesworth never had heard of curve pitching.

The next ball must have been sent from a cannon. It met Mr.

Wigglesworth's bat and paralyzed his arms to the shoulders.

"Run, pa—run!" screamed Willie.

Mr. Wigglesworth was in a blaze of pain with the shattering force of the blow. With a whoop he started for the goal. The boy with two front teeth missing, picked up the ball which in spite of Mr. Wigglesworth's tremendous stroke, had rolled but a few feet. Down the first base line tore heavy Wigglesworth, puffing and blowing. An awful light slid into the eyes of the boy with two front teeth missing. He recalled the taunt he thought of Alick Dodley, and gritting what teeth he had left, he took aim and fired. The ball smoked through the air with fiendish accuracy, and Mr. Wigglesworth saw it coming too. In moments of excessive peril great minds think rapidly. He recalled a dodging trick of his youth and stooped to practice it—stooped just in season to catch the ball full in the neck. Letting loose a yell of pain he tripped and plowed down the rest of the base line on his face, and catching his vest on the base pin tore open enough of his clothes to enable him to scoop up nearly eight pecks of wet and mouldy sawdust.

People who came to their windows soon afterwards were amazed to see a bloody, disheveled individual wandering about the vacant lot, a bat in each hand and sawdust pouring out of him at every step. Shortly before this people recalled there had been twenty boys in the lot, but now the man was alone. Presently a scared woman came with tears in her eyes and led the disheveled man away.

Then they saw that it was Mr. Wigglesworth.—*New York Herald.*

## Wax Representation of Explosion in Coal Mine.

A new wax group just placed on exhibition at the Elder Museum will prove of more than usual interest. It occupies a special part of the Chamber of Horrors and represents an explosion in a coal mine. Hundreds of feet under ground, and without any warning the fire damp or gas that usually is found in coal mines, is accidentally set on fire. Just how it happened is never found out. It may have been a lighted match or the screen of the lamp may have been raised for a moment. At any rate there has been a spark and the heavy gas intermingled with air makes a most dangerous explosive. The whole interior of the mine has undergone a change, caverns that seemed carved from solid rock are now filled with masses of stone. Many of the miners have been killed and hemmed in by the breaking down of tunnels. A rescuing party has been at work for hours and has finally reached a group of a dozen survivors. The entire group is realistic in the extreme and every little detail has been faithfully carried out. Other interesting wax groups are in process of construction. New moving pictures have been received and are exhibited hourly afternoon and evening. The celebrated troupe of Japanese athletes and jugglers will continue a feature at the Museum. Their feats of skill are little less than marvellous and at each afternoon and evening performance the large Winter Garden is well filled. The daily concerts continue an attraction.

## Would Not be Bitten.

Some young people complain of limited opportunities. A recent writer tells a story which should make us ashamed to utter such a complaint.

A number of years ago a boy of sixteen was brought into Bellevue Hospital, with his leg badly crushed by the wheels of a truck. It was so much injured, indeed, that it had to be amputated at once. The lad was thus left a cripple. He had no education, he was friendless, and altogether he seemed to have no chance in life at all. But he was a boy who was determined to be useful in the world, at any rate. So, while his leg was healing, he managed to be handy in the ward, and round the hospital generally. He was so useful that, when he was discharged as a patient, the superintendent gave him a job, and he stayed on. He worked hard, took such an intelligent interest in the work that soon he was given a better job. So it went on, and he was promoted from post to post. He frankly said that to work in a hospital was not just what he would have chosen if he had had the choice, but that it was his one opportunity, and he meant to do his best with it.

He did. His best was so good that in the end he was made deputy superintendent of the great hospital, at a salary of four thousand dollars a year. When that happened, one of the doctors commented on the secret of this plucky cripple's success: "He not only knows every brick in the hospital, but he knows how much mortar there is between the bricks!" Some day, probably, he will be superintendent, for the same reason. Without friends, without education, without any outside aid or opportunity, this crippled lad has made a successful, busy, honored life for himself by sheer pluck and usefulness.



NEW YORK.

Apron and Necktie Party in Newark

A BIRTHDAY FUNCTION

Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

A pretty large gathering of the deaf and their friends filled one of the rooms of the New Auditorium Hall, in Newark, last Saturday evening, the fourth, the occasion being an Apron and Necktie dance, given by the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, of that town.

At about nine o'clock, a box containing the ties was passed around, and soon the gentlemen were looking up their partners, after which the grand march began. It was a fine one, for, mind you, there were no less than two pianos and one organ in the room. Wonder if any other club ever had the same. Aprons of every color and shape were soon in evidence everywhere, from plain glaring hues up to those dreams of dainty exquisiteness, impossible to be described by a masculine pen. Mr. W. Atkinson, J. Shea and A. Baxter, were selected to act as judges, and their decision resulted as follows, to whom handsome and substantial prizes were presented:

First prize, Miss Schroen, of Passaic, a picture frame; second prize, Mrs. Theodore Little, of Brooklyn, a framed picture, and to her partner an alarm clock. Mrs. H. Dickerson, Mrs. J. Black and Miss F. Byron came next, and each received something that escaped the writer's notice.

A well-arranged program of dances was gone through till intermission, when refreshments were served by two demure and dainty waitresses, in the persons of Mesdames J. Ward and Kees. Dancing was again resumed until midnight when it came to a close, and the New Jersey Society added another to its long list of successful social entertainments.

Too much space would be taken up mentioning the names of those present. Suffice it to say that the Newark deaf were there in force and that nearly half of those present were from gay old Manhattan.

A very enjoyable party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Thursday evening last. The occasion was the birthday of Miss Violet Pearce. Old maid, forfeit, guessing contests, and telling funny stories made time pass quickly. Toward eleven o'clock a very nice collation was served, Miss Mabel Pearce, and her sister Nora, waiting on the guests. Miss Violet occupied the seat of honor.

A big birthday cake occupied the center of the table, ornamented with violets and loops of ribbon of the same color. Each guest took hold of a loop, and at a signal all pulled, the birthday cake disappeared leaving only a band of purple silk, while each one had dangling at the end of his ribbon, mementos in the shape of pocket knives and silver pencils.

Mr. Pearce has many trophies brought over from Jamaica, W. I. He was postmaster of that island for forty-three years. Recently King Edward bestowed on him the Imperial Service Order, in recognition of faithful service. Those present besides the above mentioned were, Misses Alice Judge and Gertrude Turner, Messrs. A. Stern, W. R. nner, F. King, E. Elsworth, G. Rau, J. H. Keiser and B. Zwofke.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Roberts, who were married on Wednesday, February 22d, spent a few days in New York on their wedding tour. They visited the New York Institution, and attended services at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. They went to Philadelphia, and then to Washington, D. C., to see the Inauguration Ceremonies. Mrs. Roberts was formerly Mrs. Alva W. Orcutt. Her husband is a resident of Newcastle, N. H., and is an enthusiastic yachtsman.

Mrs. Charles E. Green, nee Edith Avorell, has the sympathy of her many friends in the sad loss of a devoted father. He died last Monday morning, having passed the seventy-fourth milestone. He was a Veteran of the Civil War. Several deaf mutes, including Mrs. Donovan, Mrs. Kinsey, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Juhring, attended the funeral, and accompanied the remains to Cypress Hill Cemetery.

Adolph J. Buhl, who met with a serious accident to his eyes in the latter part of December, which left him blind for nearly two months, has now almost completely recovered his sight, and is able to resume his business.

OHIO.

Reception of the Ladies' Aid Society.

VISITORS FROM OTHER SCHOOLS.

A Week's Happenings.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Despite the disagreeable weather of last Saturday, the attendance at the Ladies' Aid Society reception, in the evening, at the residence of Mrs. P. P. Pratt, proved greater than on former occasions. There were fifty-six present, and had the evening been fine more would have been on hand.

Those in attendance enjoyed the occasion greatly. The newly-elected president, Mrs. R. P. McGregor, and the retiring one, Miss Bessie Edgar, with Mrs. Pratt, the hostess, headed the receiving line with the other new and receiving officers. The evening was passed mostly in social talk, and was greatly enjoyed by all. The rooms had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by the committee in charge, Mrs. Ohlemacher and Mrs. Smith. A large flag in graceful folds hung in one corner. The dining room looked pretty in its red, white and blue decorations, and illuminated with candles set in red and white candlesticks.

The center piece of the table was a flag with a vase of tulips upon it, and from the chandelier to the four corners of the table extended red, white and blue ribbons with strings of little red hatchets attached.

Misses Ethel Zell and Bessie McGregor, in Martha Washington costumes, sat at either end, and served the coffee and cream with grace and dignity. The menu served consisted of sandwiches, escalloped oysters, brown bread and butter wafers, pickles, olives, ice-cream, macaroons, coffee, chocolate-creams, salted peanuts, and as the guests left the room, they were favored with candy cherries tied with white ribbons. Those in attendance were Supt. and Mrs. J. W. Jones, Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. Neutzling, Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leib, Mr. and Mrs. McGinness, Mr. and Mrs. Frerland, Mrs. P. P. Pratt, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Riley, Mrs. Zell, Mrs. Bard, Mrs. Lynn, Misses Ethel Zell, Bessie and Nettie McGregor, Edgar, May Greener, G. D. Dickerson, Brunning, Lamson, Long, Biggam, Adair, Gould, Tschappat, Naylor, Bard, Stocker, Dreyer, Prouty, Dresback; Messrs. Albert and Charles Schory, Jr., Zell, Winemiller, Connolly, Grigsby, and Wark.

Tuesday evening, Miss Deborah Evans, who on the following day, left for Washington, to assume the duties of Matron in the Columbia Institution, was tendered a reception by Mrs. J. W. Jones, Mrs. Earhart, and Mrs. Moore. The affair came off in the library of the Institution. The lady officers and teachers participated in the affair. The evening was passed in cards followed by a dainty lunch served in the Superintendent's dining room. The next morning just before chapel, she was called to the B Center, and in presence of most of the officers and teachers, she was presented with a sunburst, buttons and spoons, as souvenirs from her late co-workers here. Superintendent Jones made the presentation speech.

The Institution felt honored this week in having officers here from other schools. Monday, Dr. Thomas F. Fox, head teacher and librarian of the Fanwood School, arrived here, and Tuesday morning addressed the pupils at their chapel service. Next came Superintendent Rogers, of the Kentucky School, and on Wednesday he also spoke to the pupils. Both addresses were enthusiastically received. Wednesday afternoon, they were present at the regular monthly teachers' meeting, and each spoke on the topic before the meeting. The cause of the poor language of the deaf, and the remedy for it.

Their coming here was at the instance of Superintendent Jones, chairman of the Normal Section of the Convention of Teachers of the Deaf, to prepare a programme for the next meeting, which is to be held at the School for the Deaf at Morgantown, N. C., next July.

Both looked through all departments of the school, and were pleased with all they saw. Supt. Rogers left for home Thursday. Dr. Fox will leave this evening. This morning he and Dr. Patterson went to visit the Home for Aged Deaf.

Mr. August Beckert went up to his home Piqua, Friday, to bid his sister good bye. She left for Los Angeles, Cal., where she will keep house for a brother.

Physical Director Albert Ohlemacher, for the past week, has been undergoing tortures akin to Job, and finds they are not pleasant to endure, especially when on the back of the neck.

Miss Emma Douglas, who has been working in this city for Mrs. Barker since Fall, was married last Thursday in Springfield, O., to Mr. John F. Stokes. She kept the matter a secret from her friends here till this week, when she was a guest with Mrs. William Hines and Mr. and Mrs. George Black for a couple of days. They will make their home with the groom's parents, and here is wishing them a happy union.

While in Piqua, Mr. Beckert met Mr. and Mrs. John Walz there. They recently removed from here. Mr. Walz has secured a position as polisher, and both like their new surroundings very much.

March 4, '05. A. B. G.

No Church for the Deaf-Mutes.

The move for the erection of a new church for the deaf-mutes of Wheeling and vicinity was actually started at a meeting held last evening, and plans for the new edifice are already being formulated. The new church, it is understood, will be Episcopal in faith, and will be quite large and commodious. Ex-Sheriff Steenrod had donated \$100 for the church and several other smaller donations have been made, besides minor sums collected in various ways to increase the fund.

The plan for the erection of the new church was started on foot at a reception given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Platoff Zane last evening. The affair was held in honor of the marriage of Mr. John C. Bremer and Miss Lucy K. McAdams, which will take place Tuesday evening. Rev. O. J. Whildin will be the officiating minister, and the affair will be the first nuptial event to be celebrated by signs for some time in this vicinity.

St. Matthew's Deaf-Mute Guild was chosen as the name of the new society for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of the edifice. The following officers of the guild were selected: President, William Halpin; first vice-president, Herbert Stoehr; second vice-president, Miss Lucy McAdams; secretary and treasurer, John C. Bremer. The work on the new structure will commence as soon as enough funds to start the building have been collected. The exact site of the church will be decided upon later. Several sites are being looked after by the committee and a definite selection will be made in a short time.

The affair last evening was one of the most pleasant given to the deaf mutes for some time. Mrs. Zane was assisted in entertaining by Miss Elizabeth Steenrod. A special car left the residence at 10 o'clock and conveyed the party to this city. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Keener, of Benwood; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Frazier, of Brookside, O.; Mrs. Chap Watson, Mrs. Maggie Littleton, of Bellaire; Miss Daisy Littleton, of Bellaire; Mr. Marion Littleton, of Bellaire; Mr. Frank Burtoff, of Bellaire; Mr. Melville Woodruff, of New Cumberland; Mr. Herbert Stoehr, of Echo Point; Mr. William Halpin, Mr. Willie Alexander, Mr. William C. Seamon, Frank Yost, of McMechen; Miss Emma Bartlett, of Mannington; Miss Sarah Cottrell, of Bridgeport; Miss Ada J. Anderson, of Wheeling Island; Miss Lucy K. McAdams, John C. Bremer, Louis Steenrod and wife, Masters Alexander Steenrod, Platoff Steenrod, and Charles Weiner.

Teach Deaf-Mutes to Telegraph

The following, taken from the New York Sun of Sunday last, is a clipping from the Chicago Tribune.

Thomas B. Lambert, a lineman employed by the city, says the keen ear no longer is necessary to the receiver of messages from the wire. He has devised a plan to make the eye do the work of the ear.

He uses a telegraph instrument with a longer sounding bar than the standard in use. Behind the instrument, in a little cabinet, is a mirror. This mirror is in the dark, and it will reproduce the most minute flash caused by the closing of the telegraph circuit. The deaf operator can detect the letters by the length of the flash in the mirror. He can answer his calls promptly. At the same time his receiving instrument is so close to his sending key that he can by the touch of the bar catch instantaneously any reply that will come over the instrument to his fingers.

While Mr. Lambert admits a mute might not receive a great deal of consideration as a train despatcher, there is a large field for him in commercial work. In order to catch a call when away from his instrument, the operator uses a device made of a small piece of metal connected by wire with the telegraph instrument. When the key is opened the operator, holding the metal in his hand, receives his call through the sense of feeling, due to the slight electric shock.

Lambert also makes much use of the sense of touch in his plan for deaf telegraphers. He believes that

sense alone might suffice, and of this probability he says:

I can take a deaf person and teach him telegraphy by slowly making the shocks intended to convey to his mind the letters of the alphabet. It is merely a matter of long and short contacts. If we receive them by sense of hearing the deaf can receive them by sense of feeling." Chicago Tribune.

BROOKLYN.

Last Thursday evening I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Brooklyn Guild and it was an inspiration. I had been led to believe that it was hardly worth going to, and that its affairs were in a chronic condition little less than a snarl. In this respects I was most agreeably disappointed. Reaching the hall at about 8:30 P. M., I found business just about starting up, there being somewhere near fifty ladies and gentlemen present, most of whom being active members.

Taking a back seat, I watched operations and was struck with the neatness and dispatch with which business was transacted. Mrs. Ella Turner has for years been one of the leading members of the Brooklyn Guild, and she always evinced a willingness to take the lead in affairs that would in any way advance the interests of the Guild and at this meeting that spirit of helpfulness on her part was recognized in a most practical manner. Mr. McLaren, taking the rostrum, and speaking for a lady member, said nice things regarding Mrs. Turner (she not being in the hall at the time.) Just before concluding he moved that she be given a substantial present for her disinterested work in connection with the Guild. This motion was promptly seconded, and passed by an unanimous vote.

When Mrs. Turner returned to the hall, the present was given her. To say she was surprised would be putting it mildly. Tears came into her eyes, and it was some time before she could collect her thought. When she did, she said that her work in behalf of the Guild was done without the hope of reward, and the present given to her was all the more appreciated because it was unexpected. Applause.

According to one who was there, the Brooklyn Guild gave a most successful play and reception on the evening of February 22d last. More than one hundred and fifty persons attended both. The play was of the military sort in honor of him who was first in war, in peace, and in the hearts of his countrymen. It was unusually well acted and showed that all had been well drilled; the spectators at times standing on the seats in order to obtain a better view, and the applause was generous in the extreme.

Among those who took part in the play was Mrs. Ella Turner, "a red-cross nurse," Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Hannah Henry, who enacted the parts of father and mother of the hero of the play—Thomas O'Grady. His sweetheart for the occasion was the queenly Miss Bammann, who seemed to be at home in her part of the play. Miss Hicks also did well, as did Mr. A. Berg, Misses Anderson, Caddy, and others.

The reception which followed the play was also conducted in good taste, refreshments being served and a delightful time enjoyed.

The next event at the hall of the Brooklyn Guild will be a lecture by Mr. Albert V. Ballin, on the evening of March 23d next. His subject will be "Frenzied Finance."

A Japanese Party will be given by the Brooklyn Guild on the evening of May 25th, at which something novel in the line of entertainments will be brought out, and this will be followed on May 15th, by a strawberry festival.

The men who are conducting the Brooklyn Guild during the present year are: Henry L. Juhring, president, an admirable looking gentleman; George L. Reynolds, corresponding secretary, aggressive and reliable; Leo Greis, treasurer, honest and upright; W. G. Gilbert, recording secretary, pushing and unabashed; and A. Berg, door-keeper.

A VISITOR.

Rev. F. C. Smielau's Appointments for March.

- 1—Williamsport, 8 P. M.
- 4—Columbia, 8 P. M.
- 5—Lancaster, 9:30 A. M. Holy Communion. Lancaster, 10:30 A. M. Service and Sermon.
- York, 3:30 P. M.
- Steelton, 7:30 P. M.
- 6—Carlisle, 8 P. M.
- 7—Troy, 8 P. M.
- 8—Sunbury, 8 P. M.
- 9—Williamsport, 8 P. M. Wedding.
- 10—Lock Haven.
- 11—Nicholson, 8 P. M. Lecture.
- 12—Nicholson, 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion. Scranton, 3:30 P. M.
- Wilkes Barre, 7:30 P. M.
- 13—Bellefonte, 8 P. M.
- 14—Bellefonte, 8:30 A. M. Holy Communion. Altoona, 8 P. M.
- 15—Gallitzin, 10 A. M.
- 17—Lancaster, 8 P. M.
- 18—Easton, 8 P. M. Lecture.
- 19—Easton, 10:30 A. M.
- Allentown, 2:30 P. M.
- Reading, 7:30 P. M.
- 21—Pottsville, 8 P. M.
- 23—Elmira, N. Y., 8 P. M.
- 24—Watkins, N. Y., 8 P. M.
- 26—Rochester, N. Y., 11 A. M.
- Buffalo, N. Y., 7 P. M.

Address: Rev. FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU, Box 324, Williamsport, Pa.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Students See the Inauguration.

DR. FAY LECTURES.

Items of Interest.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5.—The inauguration of President Roosevelt, which, as all the world knows, took place on Saturday, so overshadowed everything else that there does not seem to be much of anything to tell about this week. As was but natural, great interest and excitement was felt and manifested by the students here. The stands erected at every point along the line of march from which it was possible to have a good view of the procession, the decorations on the buildings—flags and bunting in the day-time being succeeded by elaborate and often striking electrical effects at night—the constantly arriving crowds, the uniforms on the streets, the general air of bustle and preparation, which the city wore, drew many down-town to mingle with the gay throng, which jostled and crowded along "The Avenue" for two or three days, especially in the evenings before the great Saturday. Of the day itself I shall not speak save to say that the green was deserted nearly all day. A good many of the students and co-eds went in wagons, and took up a strategic position on the procession's line of march—not, however, without being repulsed a few times by the police, and compelled to take up new ground. The majority, more independent, went it on their lone. No noon meal was served at the college, and if there had been one it would have lacked anybody to eat it—the attendance at the five o'clock dinner was scanty enough, as most of the sight-seers preferred to stay down-town to see the finish of the parade, which lasted till after six o'clock, and then to wander around in the crowd and see what there was to see, of which we may mention the fire works at the White House, a lot of hilarity and funny business with those fiendish feather, "ticklers" and last but not least, cow-boys on a mild rampage. It was very late when the last of our roistering blades turned out the gas and sank to his downy couch to dream of Indian chiefs in war-bonnets and paint scalping U. S. marines, and being pursued by a wild, pell-mell hairy-burly mob of cow-boys, civilians and soldiers in uniforms of every imaginable color and cut, while our strenuous Teddy's beaming countenance and "Dee-lighted!" bearing sort of hovered around like a benediction or an *ignis fatuus*, we aren't sure which.

The Kendall Green community extends a hearty welcome to Miss Deborah Evans, who comes here from the Ohio School for the Deaf, where she has been assistant matron for some time, to take Mrs. Temple's place.

On Friday evening, Dr. Fay gave a faculty lecture in the chapel. His subject was, as he himself expressed it, one which does not lead us far afield, but comes very near home; it was "Mastery of Language." The lecture was a very helpful and stimulating talk, which, concerning as it did, a subject of such close personal interest to us, and coming as it did from one whom we all love and admire, made a deep impression and one, we believe, not without effect.

Mr. J. W. Robertson, of Selma, N. C., stopped here Sunday on his way North on business, to see his son, J. M. Robertson, '08.

The S. N. D. C.'s play to be given at an early date for the benefit of the G. C. A. A. is progressing nicely in rehearsal. We believe it will compare favorably with any play given by the club of late years.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Fay are the happy parents of a son, born on Friday, February 24th.

Rev. D. J. Moylan, of Baltimore, was a visitor here on Inauguration Day and the day after.

The students who made certain small bets on "Young Corbett" got something of a jolt, when that young man went down before "Battling" Nelson. But Inauguration Day came along and they soon forgot all about it.

Miss Nancy E. Hooper, ex-'08, came up from Virginia, with a friend to see the inauguration. She is stopping in town and has been out to call on her old classmates once or twice.

Mr. Philip McManus, of the fifth Regiment, Mass. V. M. was a caller on the east side, Friday evening. Others of the visiting soldiers have also called here at one time or another to see their friends.

Clyde Stevens, '05, was down with the grip for a few days last week. He attributes his quick recovery to the able professional services of his classmate, Dr. P. H. Erd, who

represents a rival school to that which counts Doc. Brown as its foremost exponent. Now that our brilliant lecturer on physical phenomena (i. e., Stevens) is himself, once more, he will resume his interrupted duties as director of the Kendall Green Maennerchor.

The Lit. Society's Senior Debate comes off this week.

E. ROWSE, '06.

BALTIMORE.

The Oyster Supper and Bazaar at Grace Deaf-Mute Mission, March 2d, was very successful in every respect, and was largely attended by hearing friends. The booths were beautifully decorated, Misses Barry and Sarges looked after the fancy table, Miss Goudey and Mrs. Feast the cake and candy table, Messrs. Leitner, Schafer and Duval the grab-bag, post office and grocery booth. The proceeds, a little over forty dollars, go to the Wells-Adams Memorial Fund and the Ladies' Aid Society. Miss Rouse was the chief contributor to the fancy table, giving twenty-five articles. Other contributors were Misses Barry, Sarges, Brooks, Hauberg, Peeble, of Locating, and Mr. McElroy. Mr. McElroy auctioned off the goods in a very amusing manner, and managed to get good prices for most of them.

The weather was auspicious and agreed with the happy event in a felicitous way. The Committee, headed by Mrs. O. J. Whildin, ably assisted by Misses Brooks, Thies, Stiegler, Shipley, Mrs. Leitner and Mrs. McCall, deserve credit for the management of the affair and for the number of hearing persons who reported a very enjoyable time with us.

The progress made in raising funds for the communion set, altar vases and cross, in memory of the faithful workers of the Mission in its infancy, James H. Wells and Samuel Adams, is very creditable. Nearly the full amount is in hand. Those who have contributed to the Fund have done so in an enthusiastic way. We look forward to a very beautiful celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Easter Sunday, when we will use our own things.

Wheeling, W. Va., is soon to have a church for its little community of about thirty-five deaf-mutes living there, and near and remote in the outlying and neighboring cities along the Ohio River. Money for the church has been raised, and it will not be long before a central place of worship is erected for the religious and social welfare of the mutes. We heartily congratulate you, our Wheeling brethren and friends.

The regular correspondent from Baltimore may have inadvertently left out the report of a party given in honor of Miss Sarges by her host, Miss Barry, some time in January, and also an enjoyable and successful Valentine Party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leitner, last February 14th. Mr. Leitner's birthday anniversary fell on that day, and added to the entertainment which drew over thirty persons.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Feast, February 24th, a very enjoyable and delicious German Supper was served to some forty guests.

Rev. and Mrs. Smielau were present, and the priestly gentleman gave us a little address. Rev. Mr. Whildin, who was master of ceremonies, braced certain timid speakers, and did all he could to make the guests jolly and happy.

The Inauguration in Washington drew a number of the local mutes hither. Messrs. Duval and Schfer and several others went with about fifty thousand Baltimoreans. All returned with smiles of satisfaction, having witnessed the greatest event of our Teddy's life.

Mr. Ernest Mather, '04, Gallaudet College, came all the way from Richmond, Ind., to take in the Inauguration on the 4th inst. On the way he stopped off at Baltimore for a few days thus making a fair one exceedingly happy.

Our genial friend, Andrew Leitich, has been under the weather the past week. His "doc" says he is much better to-day.

A series of illustrated stereopticon lectures will be given weekly at Grace Mission during the Lent season, the first lecture occurring on March 17th. The Lenten Services will be held every Friday evening, beginning March 10th. Mr. Flick will have charge of these lectures and services, while the minister in charge, Rev. Mr. Whildin, is away on his Southern trip.

"PHILIC."

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P. M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

Politeness and kindness pay large dividends.



## FANWOOD.

### The One-Man Power in Russia.

#### PROF. JONES' READINGS.

#### Medals Presented to Basket Ball Team.

From our Regular Correspondent.

A very interesting and instructive lecture was given by Prof. Edward P. Clarke, before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, in the chapel, on Saturday evening, at half past seven o'clock. The time the subject was "The One-Man Power in Russia." The details and workings of the system of bureaucracy were described to all, and the distinction between an absolute and limited monarchy shown. The Czar of Russia was the prominent and central figure of the lecture, and his method of government is somewhat to be classed with those of the despotic kind. The different forms of government were compared with Russian, and also the relations between civilized and uncivilized people. A map of Russia was used, and the climatic conditions, area of territory and location were pointed out by the professor. The whole hogzishness of Russia to gain more territory has resulted in its war with Japan. Shakespeare's famous quotation, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," may be given as an illustration of the present state of affairs in Russia. The oppression of peasants, Kishineff massacre, anti-Semitic riots, and many other atrocities, followed one another successively. These calamities make Russia unfit as a government, and the voice of public sentiment demands it to be placed in better hands. The professor had sanguine expectations of future progress should the administration of government be changed. He then gave a description of the Inauguration Day ceremonies incident to the installing of the President and Vice-President in office. The professor was given a vote of thanks, and the meeting was adjourned at fifteen minutes to nine.

Come, gentle spring! Ethereal mildness, come! "Those gloomy prognostications," as the Gallaudet correspondent terms it, have no forebodings of weather for us. When one sung to "The Last Rose of Summer," can now be paraphrased "The Last Snow of Winter." Indications point that gentle spring is coming, and all the pupils are anticipating it eagerly. Then the season of sports will be in full swing. Our baseball fiends will be tossing the "leathern sphere," with the usual array of bats, masks, etc. Consequently, the Fanwood column will be teeming with news of all sports, to the interest of all its readers.

Prof. W. G. Jones finished the serial story of "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard," Sunday evening last, in the chapel. The next reading will be "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," written by the same author. Hardly a Sunday evening passes when the readings are not anticipated with delight.

The regular monthly meeting of the Protean Society was held in the cadet officers reading room on last Thursday evening. Important business relating to matters of the society were transacted and discussed.

The old Mansion House has an occupant, at the present time. The owners have allowed the privilege of using it to Mr. Philip Schmidt, a policeman, well known by the boy pupils who have usually seen him on his night rounds at this school.

Captain Mendel Rosenberg has developed his taste for the study of dogs. He may be seen poring over a book on canines, and takes a deep interest in their various shapes and forms. Name any dog in the canine vocabulary, and he will answer you in a twinkling. Ask him to what class the bull dog belongs.

Captain Samuel McAllister and Adjutant Dempsey met Mr. Thomas J. Sharkey, of pugilistic fame, and had a chat with him, on Saturday last.

Cadet Louis H. Kutner went to the Yorkville Theatre on Saturday last, to see the production of "Du Barry."

Cadet Howard Melville is in Washington, D. C., and had the good fortune to see the inaugural parade, after staying there with his aunt for a week.

The awarding of five silver medals for the chess championship of basketball took place in the chapel at the afternoon service on last Sunday. Principal Carrier presented the medals, and Dr. Charles A. Leale, a member of the Board of Directors, made a presentation speech, full of advice and counsel. The lucky winners are Jacob Lovitch, Anton Tanzas, Arthur Ellison, Samuel Paul and Frederick Henke. Miss Mary B. McIntyre, former-

ly an instructor in Miss Garrett's Oral School at Bala, Pa., has been appointed a teacher here, in place of Mr. Randall, resigned.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox returned from Columbus, where he had attended a meeting of the Program Committee of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf.

S. C.

#### Blanche Bates at the Academy of Music.

David Belasco presents Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods," at the Academy of Music. In all its features of star, play, cast and production, everything is precisely as during the remarkable triumph which gave Belasco's drama its great run of 348 consecutive performances at the Belasco Theatre. This in itself should prove sufficient for the patrons of Manager Gilmore's popular playhouse; but there are other points that cannot pass unmentioned. Especially should it be borne in mind that this run marks the beginning of the end of "The Darling of the Gods." Great as has been Miss Bates' success in this gorgeous triumph of oriental picture and drama, made real through the magic of Belasco's genius, she soon must set aside the fascinating language and dress of the Princess Yo-San to prepare for next season's new play which Mr. Belasco is now writing for her. Accordingly, the coming performances will be not only the last of "The Darling of the Gods" in New York but also Miss Bates' far well to the part. Patrons of the Academy will not fail, therefore, to take liberal advantage of these final opportunities of enjoying one of our most charming and talented actresses in a play whose beauty, quaintness, power and originality have not been surpassed even on the Belasco stage. It is unnecessary to repeat the story of "The Darling of the Gods."

The play tells a strange and fascinating tale of old Japan, set in the days of the Samurai, or two-sword men, before the Japanese had awakened to their present civilization. It is a drama of intense human interest, beautifully pictured, splendidly acted; and it is a safe prediction that it will mark the zenith of Manager Gilmore's fine achievements this season at the Academy.

The record of Blanche Bates and "The Darling of the Gods" has been a truly remarkable one. Following its twelve months' run at the Belasco theatre, the play was presented by the eminent English actor, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre in London, remaining there for 289 consecutive nights. Indeed, so great was the success in London that Mr. Tree organized two extra companies, one of which he sent through the English Provinces, the other to Australia. But it remained for Mr. Belasco to achieve in St. Louis perhaps the most remarkable of the many triumphs that have followed Miss Bates and the Japanese play from the first. Barred out by his opponents from every high-class theatre in St. Louis during the recent World's Fair, he promptly engaged the Imperial, and there established Miss Bates for the entire term of the great Exposition. So swiping was her success that she rolled up a total of 142 performances—a record not even remotely approached in that city, and so far surpassing all rival theatrical presentations that "The Darling of the Gods" was the recognized dramatic feature of the Fair. Since leaving St. Louis, Miss Bates has been making a triumphant tour of the Pacific Coast and the Northwest, finally swinging back to New York to give here an elaborate and enthusiastic farewell to the Belasco masterpiece.

#### ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	12
23	20	18	15	26

MAR. APR. MAY JUNE

12 9 7 4

26 23 21 18

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,

REV. P. S. GILMORE

#### Edgewood Park, Pa.

Recently Mr. F. A. Leitner, former Supervisor here, entertained the pupils in the chapel with some very interesting and instructive stories, something worth while, as indicated by the boys and girls repeating what he said, and seemed pleased that their old friend had been around again. Since the time we were burnt out, over five years ago, Mr. Leitner has been employed by the American Wire and Steel Company, just over the hill, but he has lost none of his cunning in the art of story-telling. He is one of clearest sign makers we know. It is a pity he does not find time to get to the school oftener.

A good many of our pupils live within easy reach of the institution, and these are allowed to go home to stay over Saturday and Sunday once a month. They are not slow to exercise the privilege and it sometimes happens they nearly all go at the same time. This exodus often leaves several tables in the dining room empty, and makes it seem like a holiday. We, also, have some day-pupils. Miss Lois Stroup, of Braddock, has resumed her studies, after being forced to remain at home several weeks on account of contagious sickness in the family. This is one of the drawbacks of day attendance. The pupils here had their usual masquerade on Washington's birthday. The characters were mostly repetitions of former occasions and no particularly striking "get ups." But for all that, the affair was entertaining while it lasted, which was for only a few minutes, hardly pays for the trouble and discomfort of masking.

The participants marched off to change their garb as soon as unmasking, thus giving the observers no chance to study the characters as to individuals. The decorations of the boys' hall however, made up for the briefness of the character show. The room was truly very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting and an old-fashioned fireplace to make the whole realistic.

Mr. Grimm deserves the credit for this part of the entertainment. Several of the former pupils were present to participate in the old-time fun and among them, Miss Annie Lhotka, Miss Frances Dedrick, Albert Price, John McDonough, George Bloedl, Walter Zelch and Clarence Young.

The Gillespie Co., art dealers, of Pittsburgh, have donated to the school, a number of pictures and several dozen picture frames, large and small and in great variety—a supply worth having when the expense of the embellishment of pictures is taken into consideration. This is the firm with which the father of R. C. Wall, of Philadelphia, was associated for many years and if we mistake not his son, A. Bryan Wall, an artist of some note, is still with the firm. R. C. Wall was one of the first pupils at Turtle Creek, and his father was one of the school's staunchest supporters when it was most in need of friends.

The Home at Doylestown is still uppermost in the mind of some of the deaf people hereabouts. The Hedrick basket party, at 204 Moade Street, Wilkensburg, was a success in spite of the miserable weather, which prevented a large attendance. The local hearing friends of the Hedricks turned out in force so that the affair was quite enjoyable. Fourteen baskets were sold, netting \$12.80 for the Home. That is not so bad, considering the circumstances and those people who helped to make it a success deserve the thanks of the friends of the Home.

Saint Margaret's Mission, with which Mr. Allabough is connected, has been moved to the old Grace Reformed Church, Webster Avenue and Grant Street, pending the erection of a new parish house to take the place of present one at the rear of the church on Sixth Avenue. The present building is to be torn down to widen the street. Churches and Missions have to give way to the march of progress in Pittsburgh, same as other concerns. Morning services of the mission will be held as usual at the new location.

A new guild has organized under the auspices of the St. Margaret's Mission. Those elected to manage its affairs are as follows: Ernest R. Cowley, President; James K. Forbes, First Vice-President; Mrs. J. C. Taylor, Second Vice-President; J. Deise, Secretary, and Miss Ida Heim, Treasurer. The deaf people have lots of leisure time, it would seem, judging by the number of organizations being effected.

We learn that Mr. Thomas McClurg, erstwhile of the South Side, Pittsburgh, is now sunning himself among the roses and other delights at Camden, South Carolina, whither he hied himself for the benefit of his health. We hope he will find Ponce de Leon's wonderful spring and return to his friends with his accustomed youthful appearance, in spite of his years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bremer of Wheeling, took in the school during their honeymoon pergrination. They were staying with friends in Pittsburgh but were not too happy to give us a call. They seemed mightily pleased with their visit, but

on second thought their pleasure may have just been the effect of only three days' married. Now that Miss Lucy K. McAdams has become Mrs. Bremer, we wonder if Pittsburgers will see her as frequently as before.

It is said Elmer Havens is down with typhoid fever. Too bad, but we trust it is not a serious case. Birthdays in this neighborhood are thick this month. Mr. Henry Barles began the list on March 4th, and his loving spouse to celebrate the event invited three or four of his her friends to help make merry and dispose of the fatted calf. It goes without saying a lively time was had, and the little company wished our friend could have a day two or three times a year, and for a great many years, too.

G. M. T.

#### The Buccaneers.

Originally buccaneers were peaceful English, French, and Dutch settlers in the Spanish West Indies, and they received their name on account of their custom of drying their meat, in the Indian fashion, on a buccan, or hurdle. The Spaniards resented strongly the intrusion of these foreigners and made many attempts to oust them, but the buccaneers were a hardy set of men and crack shots with the musket, so they successfully resisted all the Spaniards' attacks and obstinately remained in the islands. What it was that caused the buccaneers to abandon their comparatively peaceful mode of living and take to piracy it is hard to say. Possibly the constant harrying to which they were subjected by the Spaniards prompted them to retaliate; but, whatever the reason, their depredations soon rendered the passage of the Caribbean sea an undertaking of extreme danger to merchantmen, and the word buccaneer has come down as a synonym for robbery, murder and all the vices.

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On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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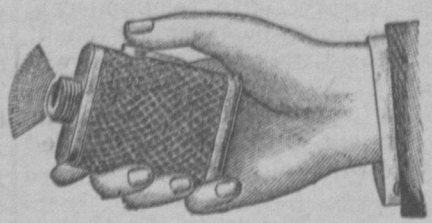
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### The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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